

A Yuletide Reunion

By CECELLE LANGDON

MADGE ALLISON was seated in the front part of the vacant store on Broad street, where for two weeks she had been the active director of a public movement for preparing a suitable and joyous holiday for the young children of the poor district of Carleton.

Sufficient had been donated to give comfort and pleasure to the little ones and now the grand work was going on to make up wreaths and other trimmings for the workmen's hall, where Santa Claus was to distribute the gifts.

It pleased her sympathetic heart to see how anxious her little pensioners were to make up the evergreen wreaths as she directed them. The willing and excited helpers chatted and laughed and sang and comprised a merry brood. Then there was a sudden lull.

"Someone is peeping in at us," announced one of the girls. "Why, Miss Allison," volunteered the eldest of her assistants, "it is Vance Dacre!"

Miss Allison turned her face away. He had grown very white, almost frightened, and her lips trembled and her eyes had grown startled. Vance Dacre had come back! Two years had passed since she had seen him or had even heard of him. She was greatly shaken, gathered up the decorations and said as steadily as she could:

"Children, we have two more days to work, and there are things I must attend to this afternoon, so we will defer further work until tomorrow."

As her willing helpers trooped away, she sat alone in the room thinking, wondering, and of Vance Dacre all the while. The door opened and Vance Dacre entered the room.

"I had to come. I hope you will forgive the intrusion," and then he paused, for she had hurried to her feet and advanced with smiling face and extended hands. "Surely everyone of your good friends will be glad to welcome you back home," she said.

"Perhaps I had better tell you," he began, "that after two years of hard grubbing at a mine prospect I saved enough money to come back here and do some good with it. I have heard of your noble charity. Won't you help me enjoy my homecoming by placing in your charge this?"—and he tendered a roll of bank notes—"Use them to make the little ones happy, and I will be more than satisfied."

For three days, Vance Dacre was a most enthusiastic worker, and the heart of Madge warmed towards this strong rugged helper whose tenderness for her little charges evidenced the soul of a true man.

What bright happy hours for those



Vance Dacre Entered the Room.

two, drifting together after that long parting!

Then came Christmas eve, and the event lived in the memories of the needy ones benefited for many a year to come.

Christmas day, serious and business-like, Vance came to the house of Miss Allison whither he had been invited.

"I am going back to work tomorrow," he told Madge. "You see, I have had my fling and am content to take up again the old burden of hard work and barren hope for the future."

"Could you not do quite as well here at Edgerton?" inquired Madge.

"I fear not. There are occasional streaks of luck at gold mining, so I shall have to keep at it."

But later that day he came hurrying to the Allison home and sought out Madge, fairly bristling with excitement.

"Oh, the luck of it," he cried. "My partner sent me a telegram. They have discovered a rich vein back in the mountain and he can sell it for more money than I ever dreamed of possessing."

"What good news," fluttered the delighted Madge, "and now?"

"I shall stay, because I think you would have it so. Madge, am I guessing right?"

"It is no guess," replied Madge in a low fervent tone. "Oh, Vance, you deserve the happy fortune that has come to you this blessed Christmas day."

And there was no thought of another parting for those two earnest, loving souls.

The Cheer of Christmas

By Alvah Jordan Garth



THERE was a token of crisp white winter in the air and the old inhabitant was daily discussing the probability of "a real genuine old-fashioned Christmas." The river was frozen and a spell of skating and races on the ice promised. The little town had awakened to real enthusiasm and when Susie Burton appeared driving the old family horse with a string of merrily chiming bells attached to the shafts of the wagon which held the cans of sweet, fresh home milk for a covey of old customers, the cheer of the approaching holidays was intensified.

Susie was poor as her well mended raiment evidenced, but she was superbly happy. "You see," she imparted to an especial confidant, a girl neighbor, "our customers always give us some little remembrance around Christmas time. And mother always makes up enough delicious cottage cheese to go the rounds so we don't appear as if we were beggars."

Susie removed the top of a milk can to display a mass of the delicacy.

"Sometimes it's money, some times rare gifts bought for money, or clothes, or a knitted hood. Anyhow it makes us feel rich around Christmas time each year."

Susie hoped there would be some real money offerings which she felt her diligence and that of her grandmother truly deserved.

For a month past Mrs. Burton had referred to "a bill and a judgment."



'Being Led Up a Slanting Platform.'

Susie learned that the city firm threatened "to sell the Burtons out."

"Surely they won't trouble poor old grandma so cruelly," she hoped, but the next morning when she went out to the stable to hitch up old Dobbin she found the stall empty and her grandmother seated on the front steps of the house, her apron to her eyes.

"Oh, Grandma! where is Dobbin, and what has happened and why are you crying so bitterly?"

"Child," was the sobbing reply, "the worst has come. Two men just took Dobbin away. It is ruin for us."

"Where is he? where did they take him?" cried Susie. Oh, grandma I must find Dobbin! There must be some way to get him back."

Two men had led Dobbin in the direction of the railroad to ship him to the city with other live stock. Almost hysterical Susie was speedily dashing down the road.

At length she reached the railroad; yes, there was poor faithful Dobbin being led up a slanting platform to a car. Wildly Susie dashed after him.

"Where are you taking our horse, our Dobbin!" she called, and then she sprang towards the animal clinging to his mane, kissing and caressing him.

"We are simply doing our duty and shipping the horse as directed," declared one of the men, and Susie learned that the destination was the livery stable of a man named Arnold Drury in the city, and boldly declared she would remain with Dobbin until she saw this Mr. Drury, who could not but heed her story when she told it!

There was a three hours' jolting, worried ride. When the train reached the city some new men proceeded to unload the car. Still Susie clung to old Dobbin. People stared at the procession passed down a street leading to a great livery stable. Susie learned that a gentleman in a house nearby was Mr. Drury. His wife and daughter were with him and before them all Susie told her story.

"Little one," he said, jotting down the town where she lived and covertly wiping away a tear, "we will attend to all this speedily. Get the child something to eat," he directed his wife, and an hour later she was the companion of Susie, homeward bound, after giving directions for the immediate return of old Dobbin.

That was not all. Mrs. Burton quivered with delight, as glancing into the yard the next morning there was Dobbin all ready in the shafts for an early trip, and Susie went her rounds singing happily.

The story of the old horse got about town and was the theme of many a freestory story amid interested home circles as the Christmas bells rang out. Kris Kringle sent the loyal Susie a full gift of gifts, and peace and hope, and happiness hovered over the little humble Burton home.

Holiday Prodigals

By Walter Joseph Delaney



MERRY CHRISTMAS," shouted a voice outside the home of Seth and Esther Marvin at Easton, and in black surprise those estimable persons came to the porch and viewed Uncle Gregory Thearle just departing. To the fence was tied the fattest, sleekest calf they had ever seen.

"Why, what is this?" inquired Mr. Marvin, staring vaguely.

"Can't you see—fatted calf! It will do for Christmas. Oh! You'll need it 'I'll be over later; good bye till then and Merry Christmas!"

He went his way waving his hand mysteriously and chuckling and shaking with half-suppressed glee.

"He must mean the boys. Oh, Seth, can it be that they are coming home?" palpitated Mrs. Marvin.

"I don't know, but there is some hidden mystery in the actions of our relative. You know he always liked Bob and Tom and Ned. Perhaps he has kept track of them."

Mr. Marvin sighed and he had reason to do so. And his loving loyal helpmeet cheerlessly echoed the aspiration. Then eyes met and there were mutual tears in them. Then Seth went to the woodshed and came forth again holding a hatchet and a saw.

"Where are you going?" inquired Esther curiously.

"Over to the woods. I'm going to get some evergreen and holly. It is as well to be prepared for a surprise."

Just as fall had set in the three sons of the worthy couple had left home secretly one night after writing a note, honest and respectful, announcing that they had heard of positions in a distant factory, and realizing that a mortgage on the home and hard lines were distressing the dear old father they felt it their duty to do something toward the family support.

For three months regularly they had come a draft for quite an amount, but no other word from the runaways.

And now—on Christmas eve—there were three glad, grateful visitors to the little cottage: Tom, Bob and Ned once more rested under the dear old home roof. The news got about town.

The lads were popular and had many true friends. Three, particularly, arrived with their sisters just as the prodigals wished and hoped. And in the evening the same welcome entertained the old home cheer with their chatter at the supper table. Then appeared Uncle Gregory. He winked and blinked at his three prime favorites, the boys, and brought two turkeys for the holiday feast.

"But the fatted calf for the prodigals," he queried chuckling. "So appropriate, and it will last a week."

And an hour later Uncle Gregory blossomed forth in his most felicitous



He Brought a Fatted Calf.

style. He handed a folded legal looking document to Mrs. Marvin.

"What is this, Uncle Gregory?" she inquired.

"Release of the mortgage these dear lads hoped to pay through their own exertions, but they are only boys. If good ones, and the task was too heavy for them. And, by the way lads, here's a bank book. I consider you a good investment and I have donated what will take you through college and prepare you for battling with the world—well educated men."

"I declare!" murmured Mr. Marvin and there was a catch in his throat.

As to Mrs. Marvin she came up to the old man and placed her loving arm about him and kissed him fervently.

"Yes it is a genuine surprise, indeed," voiced Mr. Marvin. "Blessings come thickly when we most need them."

And the three charming girls were more beautiful to the returned prodigals than ever, and old Uncle Gregory seemed to renew his youth amid the glowing happiness of that gloriously happy Yuletide hour.

"It will be mistletoe and kisses next Christmas," he instructed, with a chuckle for the three lovely girls who each sat close to their admiring lover, and who felt that the Christmas bells were ringing especially to celebrate their Christmas happiness.

"Prodigals returned!" murmured Uncle Gregory raptly, "but practice ones. Dear me! truly this is peace on earth, good will toward all men" and he left for home smiling through his happy tears, and singing the refrain of a happy, merry old Christmas song.

Notice - Removal Sale

About February 1, 1922, I will move my Jewelry store into our new block building across from the C. & O. Depot.

Our store where we are now is filled to the utmost and in order to raise money I will put every article mentioned at cost and carriage, plus war tax, regardless of price. These goods will be sold as we intend to change our line some when we get into our new building.

We expect to open up a FIRST-CLASS OPTICAL PARLOR exclusively for fitting of spectacles and eye glasses. We qualify ourselves by the passing the requirements of laws made by the State of Kentucky.

We hold State Board of Health certificate and from the Kentucky State Board of Optometrist also.



Our goods consist of Watches, Clocks, Rings, Watch Bracelets, Toilet Sets, Manicure Sets, 6-piece and 26-piece Silverware, as well as Odd Pieces, Perfect Pencils, Stationery, Inks, Silver Shine Furniture Polish, Pocket Knives, Talking Machines and Records—10-in Columbia, 35c, 50c and 60c each. Your selection of over 500.

\$2.50 Alarm Clocks 98c; \$10.00 Mantle Clocks, \$6.98; \$10.00 Bracelet Watches now \$5.98; the \$15.00 kind reduced to \$8.00, \$9.00 and \$10; the \$35, \$40, and \$45, kind at \$16, \$18, \$19 and \$20. Guaranteed both case and movements or new one in exchange from \$16 up.

This Sale will open Dec. 17

AND WILL SELL AT THIS PRICE UNTIL FEB'Y 1st, 1922, or till exhausted.

We have not the space to give you an idea as to our great bargains that we will show you. Be sure and call at our store as this is an honest, bonafide sale. We mean to meet every assertion we have made in this statement. You all know me for over 17 years in Louisa. Our goods has stood the test to be first quality. Every ring is solid gold. A written guarantee with each ring and fountain pen sold. Don't Forget the Day and Date of Our Sale for Christmas Shopping.

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PAINTSVILLE

Mrs. Hager Dies.

On Monday morning at 6:30 the soul of Mrs. Martha Hager passed from this life to the life beyond. Thus rest came, after a prolonged illness of months, due to the work of a stubborn cancer. Throughout the entire time of her illness this little woman bore her affliction in a patient, Christlike manner. she was perfectly resigned to the Lord all the time, and the example of her heroic attitude was an inspiration to all. Even in her most intense suffering she "counted her blessings."

Mrs. Hager was a faithful and consistent member of the Methodist church for fifty years.

She was in her 69th year. She is survived by three brothers, Dr. Ben Dixon of Balyersville; John Dixon, Paintsville; Geo. Dixon, Henrietta, and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Mayo of Paintsville and Mrs. Murra Borders of Henrietta.

She is also survived by three children, Mrs. Dr. G. M. Stafford, city; Fred Hager, Hager Hill, and Ben Hager of Van Lear. Several grandchildren mourn her passing.

Funeral services were held by her pastor, Edward J. Rees at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. G. M. Stafford of this city.

From The Southland.

A carload of business men and financiers from points in the South—Bristol, Tenn., Kingsport, Tenn., Newport News, Va., and other southern cities, arrived in Paintsville Wednesday night.

There are about 40 in the party and they are interested in the development of the Berea fields in Johnson-co., Ky.

The expedition was gotten up under the auspices of The Kingsport Oil & Gas Corporation. This company is operating the C. W. Wheeler lease at Taffordville and also has other valuable holdings amounting in all to 542

acres of proven territory in the heart of the field. The company has drilled three wells which are already attached to the independent Berea Pipe Line.

A great deal of enthusiasm was shown by the visitors here. Upon arrival a banquet was served them. They visited the field at Staffordville Thursday. Paintsville should be proud to learn that oil men are beginning to come by the carload. This means something to everybody in Paintsville.

Paintsville Man Dies.

Talbert Barnett, aged about 25 died at the home of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lyons of West Paintsville. He had been a sufferer from tuberculosis for the past two years and had visited health resorts in the West in an effort to check the inroads of the dreaded disease, but to no avail, and his death was not unexpected.

He was a son of A. J. Barnett of Slip his county, and an excellent young man. He is survived by his wife and two children, several brothers and sisters and his father. The burial took place at his old home near Slip.

Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham Return.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Buckingham returned last Thursday from a three weeks automobile trip with Mr. and Mrs. Jno. E. Buckingham of Ashland. The party visited a number of the Eastern cities and spent Thanksgiving with Misses Venus and Winifred Buckingham in Virginia.

Infant Dies.

An infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lockwood died Saturday evening. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the home by Rev. H. G. Sowards. Interment in the Preston cemetery in West Paintsville.

Charley Blair Paroled.

Charley Blair, of Hager Hill, this county, was paroled a few days ago by the State Board of Parole Commissioners. Blair was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years from Johnson county July, 1920, for the murder of German Conley, a neighbor, over a line fence.

Local and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Reynolds of Pikeville, were here Monday and placed their little son in the Paintsville

hospital. He is a sufferer of typhoid fever.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Wheeler returned last week from Florida where they visited their daughter, Mrs. Willard Davis and family.

Dr. and Mrs. W. T. Atkinson will leave this week for Florida where they will spend the winter the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Atkinson.

Mrs. Clyde R. Hatfield and little daughter of Huntington W. Va., are the guests of Mrs. Hatfield's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Turner of this city.

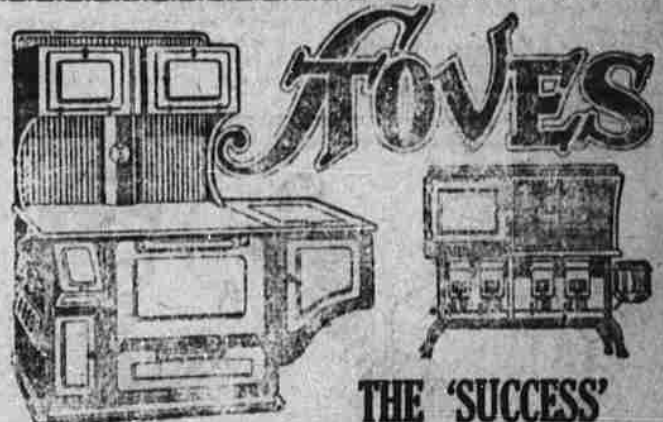
Mrs. Eugene Hager and daughter returned last week from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Hall in Callettsburg.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. V. D. Spaine, a son.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Howell at Seeco, a boy.

Miss Bees Spradlin and Hattie Busch spent the week-end in Pikeville the guest of friends.—Paintsville Herald.

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